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THE ARKANSAS VALLEY.

The Santa Fe to Interest Capital in Aid of Its Development.



ARKANSAS VALLEY and its future agricultural possibilities is of importance to our people.

In a letter to James A. Davis, industrial commissioner of the company, Mr. Morton says on the subject:

"Referring to our talk relative to the Arkansas valley and the importance of our doing everything we can consistently to assist in its further development:

"The progress of this section of the country the last few years has been very gratifying, and yet, in my opinion, it has barely commenced to march to where it will ultimately halt, either in industrial development or population.

"In connection with this valley and its future the following suggestions are made:

"First—Everything possible should be done to still further encourage the sheep feeding industry. The banks in the valley are, I am told, glad to lend money at reasonable rates to parties owning alfalfa and other feed, who wish to buy sheep. If the sheep are cautiously bought, good profit can be made in this branch of the business.

"New Mexico and Arizona can supply the sheep, and the Kansas City market demands them after they are fattened.

"Second—The melon production should be pushed. Nowhere in the United States can melons be raised more successfully, and nowhere in the country have the melons raised established such a reputation as from Rocky Ford and other points in the valley. For flavor and general superiority, these melons cannot be beaten, and the demand for them will more than keep pace with the supply.

"Third—More vegetables of all kinds should be raised in the valley. This is especially true of potatoes, onions and celery.

"Texas takes hundreds of carloads of potatoes every year, and there is no reason why, if it is intelligently pursued, the Arkansas valley should not supply most of them.

"It is said that the town of Kalamazoo, Mich., ships annually over a million dollars worth of celery. The Arkansas valley, in my opinion, can produce a better article than Michigan does, and there is every reason why the cultivation of this plant should be prosecuted in the most vigorous way by the inhabitants of the valley.

"Fourth—The cultivation of the sugar beet should be carefully and intelligently experimented with. There is no doubt in my mind that the people of the United States are going to keep at home the 100 million dollars that we are now annually remitting to foreign countries for our sugar.

"We are bound to raise our own sugar, and I will be disappointed if in time we do not export large quantities of sugar.

"Where is a better place to develop this industry than the Arkansas valley? There may be plenty of other places along our line where sugar beets can be raised with as much profit, but I doubt if there is any place which will surpass this particular valley. The people should be induced to experiment in raising these beets. If they have no seed, the Agricultural department at Washington will be glad to furnish it free on application.

"I am sanguine that in the course of a few years one will see sugar factories scattered along the Arkansas valley as frequently as you now see them in Germany and France.

"Sugar beets ought to average the grower \$60 per acre. This is a fine crop, and once determined a success in the valley, there is no question about securing factories.

"Bee culture also promises to be a very remunerative pursuit in the valley, and it should not be forgotten that the export demand for good honey is almost without limit.

"I am well aware that the people of the valley are alive to their own interests, but I want to impress on you the importance of these suggestions."

"MAY ISSUE BONDS."

The Treasury \$45,000,000 Behind Now And the Government Expenses Constantly Increasing.

The above are the head lines of an article that appeared in the Daily Republican of Nov. 23. No democrat, of course, is surprised at the condition of the Treasury under the operations of the Dingley bill, but it causes a smile when such articles appear in the Republican. A little over a year ago, this and every other republican paper was ridiculing and denouncing the democratic administration for issuing bonds to pay the expenses of the government. They said "wait till McKinley is in charge of things, and then we will show you how to run things without issuing bonds or running behind." Well, McKinley is in charge, and is running things under the Dingley protective tariff and the trusts, and the government expenses are about \$10,000,000 per month more than the receipts, with no prospect of improvement. The next thing the Republican and other republican papers will announce is that Congress will be asked this winter to put a tax on coffee and tea and a few other necessities of life in order to still further help out the trusts and the party. The people will have their innings in a little less than three years and they won't "do a thing" to the republican party and its candidates.—McPherson Democrat.

And This in Kansas!

When the king rides the peasant must stand with uncovered head. We saw this illustrated the other day. A train of cars with probably fifty passengers was side tracked and waited about fifteen minutes. The supposed purpose of the delay was that a train was coming from the opposite direction, but in a short time there appeared in sight a locomotive and one car, going in the same direction of the passenger train, occupied by two road officials. They were just ordinary looking men, but clothed with power sufficient to cause an entire train-load of passengers to await their royal pleasure. The car did not stop and the two lords leaned back in their easy chairs looking neither to the right or left, but we noticed all employees of the road wore a countenance expressive of awe and wonder.—Winfield Tribune.

New Definitions.

Since Webster has omitted them we know of no better way to get the following latest and approved definitions before the public than through the DEMOCRAT:

P. S.—The business end of a woman's letter.

Divorce—An epitaph frequently carved upon love's tombstone.

Wife—A servant who lets her services for life without wages.

Scrape—Something a man can afford by letting his whiskers grow.

Ambition—A feeling that makes a man want to do something he can't.

Wedding—The link used to connect thoughts of love with thoughts of war.

Bigamist—A crazy man who thinks he can manage more than one woman at a time.

Scorcher—A fellow who feels duty-bound to break his record, his bicycle or his neck.

Independence—In journalism means that the fellow assuming it is for sale to the highest bidder.

English as She is Spoken.

It is little wonder that foreigners are in despair in learning to speak the English language. One of the greatest difficulties is the way in which the syllabic sounds have often very different meanings.

"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the wheelman without a light.

"You'll get run into," savagely responded the cyclist as he knocked the pedestrian down and ran up his spine.

"You'll get run in, too," said the policeman as he stepped from behind a tree and grabbed the wheel.

And just then another scorcher came along without a light, so the policeman ran in two.

Who is He?

Who is the home merchant? asks an exchange. He is the man who helps pay for the streets on which you walk; for the school in which your children or perhaps you are educated; he helps to keep up the church in which you worship; he is the man who builds a home which enhances the value of your property; every subscription pa-

per that is passed has his name upon it; he is one who cannot afford to swindle you—self interest if nothing else would prevent this; he bears his share of the good government and stays with you in sunshine and darkness. Paste these facts in your hat and then stop and consider whenever you are tempted to send money away from home for anything kept in your own town. Reflect and look over the advertisements of the home merchants in this paper, and avail yourselves of the bargains they invite you to accept.

An Ice Manufactory.

Geo. N. Moses and A. H. Schaeffer of this city have found a company and purchased the ice manufactory which was operated at Sterling last year, and moving of the machinery will be commenced immediately. The factory will be erected up town at some point convenient to business, and the owners expect to be prepared to supply this territory with artificial, or manufactured ice the coming summer.

Great Bend is fortunately located for such an enterprise. All local points east and west on the Santa Fe, Mo. P. and Great Bend branch can be easily reached from here. There is no other ice factory west of Hutchinson, in this state, and we predict for the new enterprise a successful business. Just where the plant will be located in town we have not been able to learn.

On Thanksgiving day the probate judge joined in the holy bonds of matrimony Wm. M. Gage and Mrs. Jesse H. Gage, of the west part of town. Jesse H. Gage is the divorced wife of the son of her present husband and the daughter of his deceased wife, by a former marriage, but in no manner a blood relation of Mr. Gage, so there is no legal impropriety in their marriage. Some sensational lovers are disposed to make quite a furore over this wedding, but the DEMOCRAT joins with others who know the true circumstances surrounding the couple, in saying that the old gentleman has done a charitable act, and one that many of those who condemn him have not the spirit of honor and justice to appreciate. The woman is a hopeless cripple, and has been for years. Mr. Gage has long taken care of her—there appears to be no one else in the wide world to do it—and feels that he can now better look after her, and stop the busy tongues of human hyenas, who would not spare even a helpless, crippled girl whose character is spotless. Remember, that sometimes things which appear peculiar on the surface are but the workings of real philanthropy and disinterested friendship.

The time of year for diphtheria has arrived and the Scientific American offers this receipt. It is one that every family should know. Cut it out and paste it in your scrap book or keep it handy for reference: "At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat, of the child, make a room close, then take a tin cup and pour into it equal quantity of tar and turpentine. Then hold the cup over the fire, so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass out. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, and thus affords the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians."

John Scaes, fireman on the engine pulling passenger train No. 6, going east on the Santa Fe Monday morning, was perhaps fatally injured at Dundee. He had his head out of the window, looking towards the rear of the train as it passed Dundee, when the crane that holds the mail pouch which is caught while the train is on the move, struck him in the head. He was knocked senseless, and his skull broken. He was taken on through to Newton on No. 6.

On Sunday, Nov. 28th, at 6 p. m., Mrs. Wm. Barger, aged about 36 years, died at her home 5 1/2 miles northwest of Great Bend, after an illness of about 10 weeks. Deceased leaves a husband and seven small children. She was a kind and faithful wife, and a large number of neighbors and friends join in extending sympathy to the bereaved family. Funeral services were held at the residence at 4 p. m. Monday, and the remains interred in the Great Bend cemetery.

The wife and daughter of the editor of this paper have each had glasses fitted by Dr. Wm. A. Phillips, who will be at Hotel Greene Dec. 11th to 13th, and are well pleased with his work. We have no hesitancy in recommending Dr. Phillips to our readers.

LOCAL HAPPENING.

O, it's "not so warm."

Out of debt, out of the soup.

Which is the front of a corner?

Do not borrow trouble—or anything else.

When you know a good item, put us next.

How about "the cold, chilly winds of December?"

Movers' wagons and wild geese are going south.

The fool and the dead man never change an opinion.

Tom Ullery is on a visit and prospecting tour in California.

D. Hall was up from Sterling Saturday, on the ice plant deal.

"Early to bed and early to rise," the way to get business is—advertise.

Mrs. John Wolfe of Ellinwood visited with Dick Bosse's family Monday.

F. M. Russell and son, F. V. visited their old home in Virginia last week.

See me before you lay in your supply of winter coal.

Dick Jett went to Topeka Monday to adjust his matters with the Santa Fe.

N. S. Ream is having his house, which recently burned almost down, repaired.

According to the Leader, Ellinwood people have "got Gay." He is an eye doctor.

To brood over the past is to mispend the present, and jeopardize the future.

Frank Kramer and Newt Wilhide are up in Rush county this week doing carpenter work.

Miss Julia Miller spent Thanksgiving at home, returning to her school at Albert Monday.

Our books could accommodate the names of another thousand subscribers quite handsly.

Wonder what has become of the McCay pump? That pump ought to be on the market.

Elmer Brodie, register of deeds-elect, was in the city Saturday, and made the DEMOCRAT a call.

Peter Apel, of Lakin township, is having a large and commodious new barn built on his farm.

Nick Thill and wife, of near Du buque, are on a visit to friends and relatives in Wisconsin.

Wonder if that Sterling ice manufactory being moved to Great Bend did not cause the cold snap?

Thanksgiving was a mighty quiet day. Not even the turkey shoot materialized to make a diversion.

County Clerk Whitney, of Larned, spent Sunday in the city with his daughter, Mrs. C. L. Zutavern.

J. H. Jennison bought a house from the college addition and moved it to the north part of town, Monday.

A. B. Gifford, of west of town, this week moved to Haviland, Kansas, where he will try farming a while.

When the flying machine is perfected it can be used by some people in visiting their castles in the air.

Grant Fordyce, of Kansas City, visited Dr. Connett's folks here a couple of days the first of the week.

If there is any item of news you expected to see in this paper, and don't see, why didn't you tell us about it?

Sheriff Aber and County Clerk Fitts took a day off, Tuesday, to shoot quail on Mr. Fitts' farm in Walnut township.

Traveling men are crowding in on our merchants these days. Traveling men know a good town when they see it.

COMING—Dr. W. A. Phillips, the eye and ear specialist, will be at Hotel Greene December 11th to 13th inclusive.

The Nickerson Agency says that Capt. Francis, of Great Bend, will remove to Nickerson the first of the year.

Mr. W. G. Phillips and Lawrence Payton, of near Pawnee Rock, are visiting friends and relatives in Arkansas.

Wheat sold for a dollar a bushel in Chicago one day last week. But wheat in the farmer's granary "never teched it."

H. E. Brining of Hutchinson, and A. F. Brining of Ellinwood, were doing business in Great Bend the first of the week.

If a man used as many pins to keep his clothes on as a woman does, his

his hide would be as full of holes as a milk strainer.

G. E. Wyman and wife, from the west part of the county, visited with C. L. Zutavern and wife a couple of days last week.

E. E. Epperson was on the invalid list last Saturday, and the McCray band did not get out for the usual Saturday serenade.

At the present price of young feed ers, some stock men are going to get pinched before the next 12 months; mark this prediction.

That trouble with turkey was satisfactorily settled last Thursday, although it is expected to break out again about Dec. 25th.

Squire Jacob Klein, of Cheyenne township, was in town the first of the week on business with the county superintendent of schools.

Help the Fireman's Fund along by subscribing for the DEMOCRAT before Jan. 1st. See the list of new subscribers we have already secured.

A north side man could not go to the funeral of his nearest neighbor, last Thursday, because he was invited out to a free Thanksgiving dinner.

When the young man looks into the show windows and sees the magnificent display of holiday goods he wonders "What has become of my summers wages?"

Say, wouldn't that wind from the northeast Sunday afternoon congeal your breath? Stock which was not properly sheltered felt its keenness thoroughly.

One out of every four dollars we receive on new subscribers to the DEMOCRAT before Jan. 1, 1898, goes to the Fireman's Fund. Help the good cause along.

Dick Tucker was over from Claflin Monday, paying taxes and other business. Mr. Tucker has sold his farm near Claflin, to give possession after harvest next fall.

The DEMOCRAT office is constantly receiving new type and other printing material, and is prepared to meet all competition. See us before ordering printing of any kind.

Ed. Gano, who recently accidentally shot a hand off, is reported as getting along nicely. Ed will now have to learn to write checks and throw a lariat with his left hand.

Lutellus Baldwin of this city was re-elected Secretary of the Kansas Irrigation Association, at the Lawrence meeting. The Association will meet next year at Hutchinson.

"Economy is the road to wealth." Bear this in mind when subscribing for a local paper. Get the paper which gives you the most valuable news for your dollar—the DEMOCRAT.

While Thanksgiving was an unusually quiet day in town, the night was not. Several knock-downs were scored by some of the boys who apparently would rather "scrap" than eat turkey.

Capt. Norris was over from Claflin Monday to see about getting a ticket to visit the "old country"—Ireland. He expects to leave here about the first of the month, and sail from New York on the 11th.

Remember the Eleventh Annual Barton County Sunday School Convention meets in this city, at the Congregational church, on the 15th inst. Our citizens will furnish free entertainment to all accredited delegates.

A leading health authority says "Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bath more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more."

Politicians are already casting about to ascertain who they shall run next spring for city officers in Great Bend. So far as the DEMOCRAT knows the people are pretty well pleased with the present management of city affairs.

Holiday goods are showing up in numerous abundance. The shortage of the foreign wheat crop will drive old Santa Claus into many Barton county homes that have missed his presence—and presents—the last few years.

L. J. Gunn, of the El Reno, Ok., was up to spend Thanksgiving with his parents in Buffalo township. Mr. Gunn gets out quite a creditable paper for a new man at the business; but as a gold-bug republican it is rather lonesome in Oklahoma.

At Hiawatha a young man was fined \$10 for kissing a girl without her permission. It frightened all the other young fellows around town so much that the girls were forced to furnish

them with written permits to overcome their assumed bashfulness. The young fellows up that way are not given to taking chances.

"I would like some hose" said a lady in one of the large dry good stores Saturday, to a young clerk in waiting. The clerk studied a moment, and then told her she would "have to go to the Great Bend Implement Co., we don't keep it here." And that's notice.

Prof. Hennessy and the McCray orchestra will give an entertainment at the Ellinwood opera house Saturday evening of this week. These gentlemen will furnish more amusement and real meritorious music than half the traveling shows that visit these parts.

J. W. Drake, of north Homestead, was in the county seat last week, and planked down the money to clear his farm of all indebtedness. He says it will be a cold day when he signs "another mortgage and subjects himself to the insatiable gnawing of annual interest."

The Thanksgiving ball, at the Workman hall Thursday evening last, was not very largely attended, partly on account of the unpleasant evening and partly for other reasons. Some of the young "society" bloods were saving up their dimes to have a high toned "toot" on Christmas day.

Great Bend is not much on dollar shows. The "Sam'l of Posen" company here last Wednesday night, was composed of all high class actors, but only had about 100 people to hear them. They were not advertised in the papers, however, which accounts in part for the small attendance.

Not a very large crowd attended the Gramophone entertainment, benefit of the Daughters of the King, Thursday afternoon. The gramophone was loud enough, but the clock work that run it was too obstreperous, and the machine acted like Sam'l of Posen—rushed through at a gait that was tiresome.

The funeral sermon of the late F. R. Talbot was preached Thanksgiving day by Rev. L. C. Schnacke, and the remains shipped to Iowa for interment. A son of the deceased came from Iowa to look after the Talbot affairs, and after selling off the possessions Saturday removed the widow and remaining son to Iowa.

George Boissell returned Friday night from Lima, Ohio, where he has been for two months. He says the East is on the bum.—Holsington Dispatch.

Another straw to show which way the wind blows. The east voted last fall for the gold standard, and in 1897 had no big wheat crop to keep them out of the soup—hence people there are "on the bum."

Regular monthly meeting of the city council next Monday night. What should be done about that telephone franchise? Have our citizens talked it up any? Certainly Great Bend ought to have a telephone system, but we want the best we can get for the least money. Let us meef with the council and discuss the matter thoroughly.

On Thanksgiving Day Frank Mall received a telegram announcing the death of his father-in-law, Grandpa Webber, who was well known in this city. Last spring Mr. and Mrs. Webber sold off their belongings here and retired to the M. E. home for the aged, at Quincy, Ill. Mr. Webber died on Nov. 25th, being in his 80th year. He was buried on Saturday the 27th.

Traveling "agents" are all over the county, trying to sell anything and everything. Reader, you can buy as good goods, and as cheap goods, from your home merchants as you can, from any traveling agent. Your home merchant is here as one of you; he lives here; spends his earnings here; helps to make a market for your products. Treat him fair, and he will reciprocate.

"Maud Muller on a summer's night was riding her wheel without a light; with graceful hump and cycle face she scorched along at a merry pace, when across her path there loomed a man, and into him Maud straightway ran. But alas! to her sorrow he proved to be a police court judge of stern decree; and she sighed next day as he fined her ten, 'stead of \$9.98—as it might have been."

John Walters has travelled considerably and says that the following lines from Life are strictly correct: The Frenchman likes the native wine, the German likes his beer; the Irishman likes his whiskey straight, because it gives him cheer; the Englishman likes his 'alf-and-'alf, because it brings on dizziness; but the American has no choice at all—he drinks the whole d—business.—Lois Sentinel.